True Blue

By R. Knon

"What a fine sunset!" Harry Stillwell pointed to the red and orange western sky. His companion sighed, but said nothing, as with his back to the window he was carefully putting away his engraver's tools.

"Poor fellow, I forgot he's color blind," Harry muttered, then continued louder: "But, say, Ed, don't you see any of the colors out there?"

Edward Dalton shook his head.

"Life is to me one long gray day. Of course, I don't know just how you normal-eyed people see things. I distinguish what you call blue, such as the sky on a clear sunny day, and flowers like the violet and bluebell, and I also perceive what you call yellow. But all the other colors you speak of are to me only so many variations of gray, more or less luminous. What you call color, I call degrees of light and shade."

"And there you have the immense advantage over us in our profession," said Stillwell, to smooth away his thoughtless question that had pained his friend. "When in engraving we don't know whether a color should come out light or dark, you see the right tone at once. Are you going to Maud Leander's dance this evening?" He had abruptly changed the subject.

"She asked me to come, so I suppose I must," answered Dalton, with little eagerness to go.

The two young men left the studio together. For the length of a whole block Stillwell dilated on the charms of Miss Leander, hinting that he was the preferred suitor to the hand of the heiress. Dalton listened in silence; but at the first corner he turned down a by-street to escape from his loquacious companion.

Edward Dalton, the congenial color-blind, spoke truth when he said that life was to him one long gray day. Morbidly sensitive to his visual defect, he was becoming moody and unsociable. He imagined that he lost more of the joys of life than he perhaps really did. And he found scant compensation in the fact that his eyes were exquisitely alive to form, to the luminosity of the colors he did not see and hence to gradations of light and shade imperceptible to his many friends. The latter gift, characteristic of the color-blind, made him invaluable to his employer and had won him a fine position. And yet his hours away from his work were more than ever given over to gloomy thoughts. For he felt himself handicapped in striving for the prize of life. And the fairest of these was at that very moment an object of rivalry among his friends.

Maud Leander was the prettiest girl in town and an heiress besides. A handsome fortune had been left her by an eccentric maiden aunt on condition that she be engaged on her twenty-fifth birthday. Otherwise the money was to revert to some charity. An easy enough condition to fulfill, one would think, for a girl of Maud's popularity. And, indeed, suitors were not lacking. Many of them were merely fortune hunters. Annoyed by the persistence of these Maud had grown to dislike them all, and had vowed not to marry any one among them.

There was only one young man in town Maud cared to think of as her future husband. But Edward Dalton kept aloof. The sense of his infirmity hung over him. And, moreover, the thought of her money kept him back. He detested fortune-hunting. Had she been poor as he was he might have asked her to share his growing prospects. The heiress could not ask. Yet he loved Maud and was miserable because he would not tell her so.

Maud divined his feelings from the shy deference with which he approached her, in grateful contrast to the tongue worship of her suitors. She therefore made up her mind either to marry him or to let the money go and remain a bachelormaid. But he would not speak, and she dared not, for fear of seeming unmaidenly in his eyes, while the fatal birthday was fast approaching, and a score of young men hung on her decision.

Dalton went unwillingly to the dance. It tormented him to see her surrounded by that throng of flatterers, all unworthy of her, one of whom would soon carry off the prize. It never occurred to him that he stood a better chance than any of them.

As he entered the room Maud was chatting with Stillwell. But she disengaged herself immediately and beckoned to him.

"I'm so glad you've come," she said cordially. "This first dance belongs to you," and off she went with him, leaving Stillwell to gaze after her as if his rightful property had been snatched from him. His frowns promised nothing good to his friend. As he watched them swing around the room an ugly thought took shape in his mind. Seizing the first opportune moment he asked Maud for a dance.

"It's hot here," he said after he had obtained her promise, "would you not rather go into a cooler room for a while?"

"Yes, if you like, for a moment," she said.

Stillwell glanced around to where Dalton was talking with another girl. Then he quickly took Maud out into an adjoining conservatory, and seated her on a bench hidden by ferns.

"I'm glad that Dalton seems to be enjoying himself with the girls this evening," he began artfully. "Poor fellow, his infirmity does make him unsociable at times."

"His infirmity? Why, what is the matter with him?" she asked alarmed. "I have never heard of anything."

"Don't you know that he's color-blind?" he rapped out.

"Color-blind?" Maud echoed.

"Yes. He's really unfit to be among people. It's a wonder he doesn't make a guy of himself, going about in green trousers and red waistcoat, for he'd never know the difference. He knows it, too, and is getting more morose in consequence. People with such infirmities are always unpleasant to live with for any time."

"Doesn't he see any color at all?" Maud asked.

"Only blue and yellow, I believe," he answered.

Maud grew thoughtful, and Stillwell took her back into the room, curious to know what would be the effect of his words. She danced little after that, and Dalton soon disappeared.

Ten days before her birthday Maud Leander suddenly took it into her head to have her parlor re-carpeted and re-hung.

"I'm tired of those red hangings," was all the explanations she vouchsafed to the aunt who lived with her. "I want other colors,—blue for the carpet, and white and gold for the wall."

"It seems foolish to do this now," said the aunt, disapprovingly. "With your birthday so near at hand, you should think how best you can fulfill the conditions of the will, and decorate your rooms afterwards. It's a trifling matter now.

"The color of my rooms is by no means a trifle just now," said Maud emphatically, and then relapsed into silence.

"What have you decided to do on your birthday?" the aunt asked again.

Maud shrugged, with a twinkle in her eye.

"You know that you must decide then or lose a life income," the aunt persisted. "It would be a pity to have all that money go out of the family."

"If I can't get the husband I want I won't take any, and I don't care who gets the money. I'm not a bargain to be given away in that fashion. These hangers-on have just disgusted me. They don't come for me, but for my money, and I won't have one of them. I want a man who will love me for my own sake. And if there is none, I'd rather lose a life income and be my own mistress."

"You girls are getting altogether too independent," sighed Aunt Mary, who belonged to an older generation.

By the end of the week the room was re-hung, a symphony in blue and gold, and Maud was receiving the duty-calls after her party. All her suitors came. And Edward Dalton came, too, one stormy evening when no one else ventured out, and Stillwell was kept away by an appointment.

Entering the parlor, that in its bright colors had hitherto seemed to him merely grey, he opened his eyes wide in surprise. What a transformation! It was radiant with color and light, and in this blue glow stood she, no longer the grey figure he had had always found her, but gowned in blue from head to foot. Never had she looked so bewitching. And never had she been so gracious. Love overbrimmed his heart, and yet his tongue found no words to utter it. When, after an hour he rose to go and her soft hand lingered a moment in his for the good-night and her eyes were fixed intent on his with a question, passionate words rose to his lips. Then suddenly he turned and left her.

Maud went back into her blue-and-gold parlor with tears in her eyes. Had it all been an illusion? He did not care for her? Long and long she thought it all over. She had done all what maiden could do to make a man speak, and all for nothing!

There still was time. Day by day she waited, but he did not come again. She lost heart for everything and even refused to join a party her best friend gave in her honor on the eve of her birthday. That evening she wanted to be alone, and gave strict orders to the maid to admit no visitors. Then, gowned in her pale blue muslin, she went down into her blue-and-gold parlor to weep over the dream of her hopes that were vanishing. And as she sat there, all the color seemed to fade out of the room.

"I must see Miss Leander, if only for one moment."

She flew to the door.

"Oh, come in Mr. Dalton. I've been waiting for you," she burst out, with so much fervor that his love, too, at last was kindled into speech.

When Aunt Mary came down, an hour later, she found them sitting hand in hand on the sofa, happy as two children.

"Well, I'm glad it's you, Edward," she said cordially, shaking his hand in both her own.

And glad everybody else in town was, except the disconcerted suitors.

The Humble Penny.

More than a billion cents have been coined in the last decade, making the number coined from 1793 in all 2,804,000,000—an average of 27 for each man, woman and child in the United States. Considering the demand for them, and the fact that every cent is worth more than its metal value, it seems as if the government might mint in a 12-month more than 152,846,218—the achievement of the record year.—Boston Globe

JAFFA, the PORT of JERUSALEM

Jaffa From the Sea.

AFTER being in the undisputed control of the Moslems for 673 years, Jerusalem once again has come into the possession of the Christians, the Crescent has fallen and the Cross has replaced it. The decisive event of this "ninth crusade," made by the British forces under General Allenby, was the capture of Jaffa, the chief port of Palestine.

Jaffa, which is also written Yafa and Joppa, and which is supposed to have been named the city beautiful, as its Hebrew name implies, has a history so ancient that its foundation and its early history are entirely lost in the mists of the past, writes Joseph Jackson in the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

It is linked with the legends of Homer, with the commerce of the Phoenicians, with the mythology of the Greeks as well as with the story of the New and Old Testaments. Lying so close to Jerusalem, and for many years the real port of entry to that inland city, it has in recent years established a very modern reputation for business, which has nothing to do with its storied past.

Even the country in which the old city is situated has had its name changed many times. The Greeks long before the time of Christ alluded to it as Ethiopia, later it was Canaan, and finally Palestine.

It has been ruled by Phoenicians, by Greeks, by Egyptian Pharaohs, by Assyrian kings, by the Romans, the Saracens, the Jews, the Arab caliphs and the Turks, to say nothing of the temporary occupation by Christian emperors from Germany, France and England.

The city of Jaffa has been besieged and taken by every newcomer for the last forty centuries who has made the attempt on Jerusalem, but despite the fact that it often has been the scene of hostilities and that more than once its block-paved streets have run with human blood, and that once, at least, it was almost destroyed by an earthquake, the town never has ceased to be beautiful, with its hills surrounding it to the southwest covered with fruit trees, and with its own quaint stone buildings, churches and mosques.

Was Held by the Pharaohs.

The Pharaohs of Egypt for a time included this ancient land in their empire, during the reigns of Thothmes III and Amenhotep, say from about 1600 to 1400 B. C., although the Egyptian occupation seems to have lasted for quite three centuries.

On the porch on the great temple at Karnak there has been discovered references to the town of Ja-pu, and elsewhere in the land of Egypt there is a reference to Ya-pu, both being interpreted to mean Jaffa. It appears to have been the Promised Land of biblical times, and when this was distributed under Joshua, the country bordering the Mediterranean, in which Jaffa lies, was awaraded to the tribe of Dan. But the territory continued in the possession of the Philistines until the reign of David, when the Israelites came into their own.

During the time of Solomon, Jaffa played an important part, for it was there that the precious woods and metals which were brought from afar to make his temple the wonder of the world were unloaded from the puny vessels that plied the Mediterranean. All of the materials that were brought from afar entered Palestine at Jaffa and were transported overland to the hills on which the Holy City lies, where his great edifice was erected.

When the Ten Tribes revolted Jaffa regained its independence, which had been denied it for centuries, but this freedom was scarcely enjoyed before Rammanicar III, the king of Assyria, fell upon it and once more it felt the yoke of foreign authority.

If it were renowned for no other event, Jaffa must always be famed as the port from which Jonah sailed when he tried to hide from the Lord and attempted to neglect the Lord's business.

The town was once fired by the Roman governor of Syria, and its destruction, invited by the insurrection of the Jews, caused many of the latter to resort to thievery, piracy and brigandage. More than 8,000 of them had been put to the sword, and the remainder became outlaws.

Mecca for Pilgrims.

Vespasian put a stop to this sort of thing by attacking a band of the thieves, and massacring more than 4,000 of them. Then he built a fort and around this a new city sprang up.

Later for the first time Jaffa became virtually a Christian city. It had been pagan and Jewish by turns, but now it was raised to a bishopric. Fidus was the bishop, and he was present at the Synod of Lydda in 415 and at the Council of Ephesus in 431.

It now became a place for pilgrims from Europe. For centuries they arrived and made their way to the Holy City. Many of them landed at Cesarea, further up the coast, but the biblical traditions of Jaffa caused almost all of them to visit its picturesque walls.

In the seventh century of our era the Arabs invaded the country and then began the reign of the Saracens and Turks, which has continued, with occasional periods of other occupation, until the present day.

In all of the eight Crusades, which began in the eleventh century and continued intermittently for 300 years, Jaffa was a prominent figure in the accounts. The Crusades were begun under the missionary work of Peter the Hermit, a French monk, who, having visited Jerusalem, found that the pilgrims were unjustly treated by being taxed highly for admission to the city of their dreams, and that they were otherwise unjustly treated by the government.

It was customary for most of the Crusaders to land at Acre, which, while further away from Jerusalem, seemed to offer a more direct route and a safer landing for the ships and galleys which brought the Knights Templar and Hospitallers.

Jaffa became the advanced base for most of the operations against the Saracens and later the Turks at Jerusalem.

Taken by Napoleon.

Napoleon in his Egyptian campaign took the city of Jaffa, and it was there that it was declared that he left his soldiers to die of the plague, but he had his eye on posterity and had a picture painted depicting him in the convent of the Armenians going sympathetically among his stricken soldiers, whom his enemies declared he poisoned when he was about to leave.

Mehemet Ali took the town in 1832, and the Arabs were evicted by the Turks, who took the town eight years later, although in the meantime it had been laid partly waste by an earthquake in 1838.

The guide books will tell the modern pilgrim that he may still see the ruins of the house of Simon the tanner, now covered by a mosqque, and the pious may make the journey to that part of the town where the worthy Tabitha was raised by St. Peter. He may read on a signboard, "Tabitha's Quarter," but the exact spot where her house stood has not been transmitted to this time.

From a small town of about 10,000 population, the completion of the railroad to Jerusalem about twenty years ago caused the city to become important enough to boast of more than three times that number of inhabitants. The treacherous character of the entrance by sea to the town is likely to stand in the way of its future greatness, but as one of the oldest cities in the world it must always have a fascination for the curious.

Another Puzzle.

"Is it possible for a person to say something that will be a lie if it is true?"

"Yes. If a liar should say 'I never told the truth in my life,' it would be a lie if it was true."

"How so?"

"Because that statement would be one instance of his telling the truth, and thus it would be false on the face of it. And if he should say the exact opposite, that would of course be a lie, too. But leave that supposition out of the question, for it may confuse you. Just remember this—that if a fellow says he never told the truth, he must be lying."

"But if he's lying, then he's telling the truth, because his statement would merely be another lie. So his record wouldn't be broken after all."

"Yes, that's true, too. You see, that proves that it's Impossible—"

"Shut up! Don't tell me any more about it—I'm going to worry all day as it is!"—Exchange.

Her Reply.

"How do you manage to get so much work done with all the conversation going on?" asked a neighbor.

"I stick right to my knitting," replied the kind old lady.

USED STRING TO STIR ANGER

Twine Swung in Air, London Busman Explained Indicated Other Cabby's Brother Was Hanged.

The conversation turned on the wonderful pungency and power of invective of the old-time London cabby as narrated by Charles Dickens in "Pickwick Papers" and by other authors of that and a subsequent time.

"A few years ago," said Dr. John H. Oliver, in the Indianapolis News, "I paid my second visit to London. The cabby and his horse had passed away. The horse-drawn omnibus was no more, the petrol-driven bus having taken its place. I told a Briton whom I met over there that I liked to sit on the outside next the driver, that I found him a most interesting character.

"'So do I,' said my British acquaintance, 'but he is not at all as interesting as his predecessor of the old fashion. I was seated beside one of these old-time drivers going through a street crowded with vehicles when a bus coming from the opposite direction was in collision with our bus. The wheels of the two locked and then the highly ornate invective between the two drivers began. It was the perfect flower, yes, the full fruitage I thought of profanity and abuse.

"'But I was mistaken. There was more and worse to come. When the wheels had become unlocked and we were slowly moving away, my friend, the driver, drew from his pocket a bit of string and holding it above his head swung it slowly to and fro.

"'The other driver at once jumped down from his bus and, whip in hand, struck at the string-shaker. The wealth of epithet he then used showed that all that had preceded it was as mild and kindly as the softest baby chatter. Our driver answered not a word, but as he drove slowly on continued the string shaking.

"'I wondered what there could be in this simple bit of dumb-show to make the other busman so frantically angry. Then my driver gave the explanation: "'E didn't like it, did 'e? It was honly a bit of joke, don't y' see. 'Is brother was 'anged last Friday."'"

Church Gives Every Man.

There is a little French church in the heart of Philadelphia which has given and given to the great world strife, ever since the war began, life blood and widows' mites, and in the face of poverty is still giving, giving, according to a Philadelphia correspondent.

Not one man between seventeen and fifty years old remains in the membership of the little church of St. Sauveur. All are at the front, some are with the French army, some are with the United States forces, but all have gone. All are fighting for the same great world ideal.

They have left mothers, wives and little ones who do not complain, but give to the last penny, not only for those they love, but for the relief of all suffering.

Nearly all of them are working people, but, in addition to the struggle for bread and butter, they have found the way to adopt and support four orphans in France. In addition to the incessant knitting and sewing for the little war orphans here these brave women have also found time to make and send countless woolen comforts and relief supplies to the war victims in France and Belgium, the orphans and the wounded. They also subscribed to the starving Armenians.

War Curbs Suicide.

Sir Bernard Mullet, registrar general of the British empire, announced recently that suicide had fallen off strikingly in England since the beginning of the war. The explanation is that the national unity of feeling, the subordination of self and the sharing of sympathy on all sides makes the individual's personal injuries less important and induces him to forget his own desperation. Personal indulgences and excesses of immorality, causes of insanity and melancholia, are curbed and minimized naturally by the economies enforced upon the populace. Discipline in eating, dressing, working has also a beneficial effect in keeping the mind sane and free from morbid broodings.

Would Take Glass Eye Back.

Paul Gary of Anderson, Ind., is all American, with the exception of a glass eye. The substitute optic is alien.

Gary tried to enlist in the United States marine corps at their recruiting station in Louisville, Ky., but was rejected when his infirmity was discovered by Sergt. G. C. Wright.

"Didn't you know that the loss of an eye would prevent your enlisting?" asked the sergeant.

"I thought it might," explained Gary, "but this glass blinker is the only part of me that was made in Germany, and I want to take it back."

He was advised to mail it.

Crop and Drug Plants.

One of the projects outlined by the committee on botany of the national research council is the search for wild plants which may be used as wartime substitutes for the more costly crop plants. During the Civil war Dr. John Porcher, a Southerner, published a book giving a list of plants of the South which could be substituted for much-needed food and drug plants. It is suggested that information might be obtained from hunters, trappers, woodsmen, farmers, Indians and the foreigners, who pick up considerable food from the countryside. Similar information is desired concerning plants that can be used in medicine.

The Scrap Book

Puzzled Musician.

Sir Frederick Bridge, the veteran organist at Westminster Abbey, recently told a good story of a musical party he attended a short while ago.

"I could not make head nor tail of one piece of music that was being played," he said. "It sounded very abstruse, and, to me, quite incomprehensible for the most part, yet here and there I seemed to recognize a bar or two.

"Presently, consumed by curiosity, I leaned over and asked my hostess the name of the piece.

"She looked at me in surprise for some seconds; then said, somewhat stiffly, 'It's Bach's fugue in D minor, Sir Frederick.'

"'That it most certainly is not,' I thought, but I kept my opinion to myself.

"I found out later, however, on making an investigation, that the lady was right. Only the perforated music roll had been put in upside down, with the result that the piano had played the fugue backwards."

Wireless to Detect U-Boats.

To assist naval airmen in detecting the presence, and then determining the position of enemy submarines, a delicate instrument of considerable ingenuity has been produced, observes a writer. An adequate conception of its character is afforded without necessarily discussing its technical details, which for obvious reasons are withheld. Roughly, it consists of a compact buoy that carries a receiver which converts the sound waves from a submarine's propeller into electrical energy. When thrown overboard by an airman, it floats on the surface of the water. Upon the approach of a submarine within a certain radius of it, the antenna attached to the buoy sends out wireless signals which are in turn picked up by receiving instruments installed on the aircraft. The presence of a boat within this area is thus announced. Its general position in relation to the buoy, as well as its movements are indicated by the intensity of the signals.

Lightning Breaks Dish.

During a thunderstorm in New York state surprise and wonder was caused in a certain home by an unusual accident that accompanied a sharp bolt of lightning. The latter struck very close to the house in question, causing the telephone to "snap" so that those in the room heard it distinctly. Following this report a glass dish containing some steel beads, standing on a table about twelve feet from the telephone, broke into pieces, scattering the beads on the floor. The apparent explanation for the phenomenon is that when the lightning caused the spark at the telephone there was a discharge of electricity into the room and that the beads, being of polished steel with numerous sharp edges, offered a path of least resistance to the discharge, which, seeking a ground, burst the dish.

A Brussels Joke.

What amounted to a practical joke was played on the Germans by the Belgians in Brussels. The Germans announced a grand concert of German music at the opera house. A syndicate of Belgian bankers and brokers bought all the seats except one and the royal box. General Baron von Bissing was delighted at this evidence that the Belgians were not averse in times of foreign occupation to listen to a German concert. But on the night of the concert not a single Belgian used his ticket. When Von Bissing arrived at the opera house it was empty save for one solitary auditor, a German landsturm soldier.

Love.

If love were the only heaven we shall know,
I could not ask a fairer Paradise.
Nor forth with sunny laughter gladlier go,
Beneath whatever dark or perfect skies.

For marble mansions of eternal light,
And golden streets and cities tourmaline,
With all their glossy beauty burning bright,
Have not the lure of love's immortal sheen.

And thus I toss the golden ladders down,
Turn from the gates, and take my way with thee,
Oh, Love, that makes a heaven of the town,
And brings the pale moon trembling o'er the sea.
—Folger McKinsey, in Baltimore Sun.

A Father's Ambition.

"I kind o' wish I was in the army," said Farmer Corntossel. "I'd like to be along in the company with my boy Josh."

"So as to cheer him up?"

"No. Josh is always cheerful. But I'd like to be a corporal or something, so that for once in my life I could make him stand around and do exactly as I tell him."

A Proxy.

"Glithersby is always talking about 'my soldier.'"

"So he is."

"I didn't know he had a son at the front."

"He hasn't. Glithersby sent his chauffeur and, just confidentially, I think he takes too much credit upon himself."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Naturally.

"A seamen's strike is always serious, isn't it?"

"It must be, for vessels cannot start on their cruise when the crews will not first start on their vessels."

WIT GAINED HER SITUATION

Young Actress Won Out by Clever Speech Which Hit Manager in Right Place.

Willie Collier tells a story concerning a young actress friend of his who is fast coming to the front—a story which has a moral attached for ambitious stage aspirants.

It appears that the young lady in question, becoming stage-struck, devoted almost a whole year to pulling wires and using all possible influence in order to gain an interview with a certain theatrical manager.

At last her hopes were realized; she got her appointment, and she was finally ushered into the manager's private office. He received her most cordially and offered her a chair.

"Thank you," she said gratefully, "I think I will sit down. I've been just ten months getting here and I'm a bit tired."

And the manager, who is really a great man with a keen sense of humor, promptly engaged her.

Arrived Safely in France.

Two newspaper artists have been occupying a studio in Gramercy Park for five years. They came to New York together and were a sort of Damon and Pythias combination, says a New York correspondent.

One went into the naval reserves and the other tried for aviation but failed on account of his eyesight. The other week the sailor boy dropped in before breakfast. He said he was going out for a little cruise and the handclasp was a bit firmer than usual as he said good-by.

A few mornings ago the artist at home received this cablegram from France: "Arrived. Safe." His friend on the other side. And when I saw the artist at home he turned his head and shook some suspicious drops from his eyes. But he was mighty proud.

The Careful Barber.

"The most careful and obliging barber I know," relates a friend, "works at—" (We hate to omit the name of the shop, but the rules against free advertising are strict.) "The other day I decided to have my mustache shaved off. I told the barber, and he started in on it. When he had shaved one side off, he wiped my face carefully and straightened me up in the chair.

"What's this for?" I said. "Aren't you going to finish the job?"

"'Sure, if you like,' said he. 'But I didn't want to go any further till you looked at yourself and saw how you liked it.'

"I told him to go ahead—it looked fine."

Wagers.

A soldier boy from Clay county, now in training, wrote a letter to his sweetheart, and on the flap of the envelope he wrote these words:

"I'll bet a kiss you don't find this."

Whether or not the little fairy, love, whispered in the maiden's ear, telling her how to open the letter, remains a secret, but anyway she sent back this reply:

"I'll bet you this I found your kiss."—Indianapolis News.

Lost Time.

Mother (to Frank)—How is it that you're late home nearly every afternoon?

Frank—Well, no wonder; we've got such a big clock in our school.

Mother—Why, what has the clock to do with it?

Frank—'Cause it's so big it takes the hands an awful long time to get round it. If we had a clock like papa's little one I'd get home a great deal quicker.—Pearson's Weekly.

Reciprocity in Forbearance.

"Come go on a fishing party with us," urged a friend to a man prominently in the eye of the public.

"I don't want to go fishing," replied the other.

"Why not?" asked his friend.

"Why should I go fishing?" demanded the conscientious one. "The fish never did anything to me."

Little Pitchers.

"Pa, was that a Christmas present you brought home last night?"

"I didn't bring anything home last night, Tommy."

"Well, I heard Mr. Smith next door tell Mr. Jones as I was passing them on my way to school, that he saw you go in last night with a large-sized package."

One's Life Task.

"Let each one accept his task, a task which should fill his life. It may be very humble; it will not be the less useful. Never mind what it is so long as it exists and keeps you erect! When you have regulated it without excess—just the quantity you are able to accomplish each day—it will cause you to live in health and in joy.—Emile Zola.

The Class.

Serious Sue—Here is a catalogue embracing all kinds of coats.

Facetious Fan—Then, if it's embracing them, they must be coats-of-arms.

Anything.

The Sexton—Do you wish cushions in your new pew, sir?

Mr. Short-Soot—Sure! Anything that will ease up the sermons.—Judge.